blossomed out everywhere, in stands, coach seats, and the track, about as many displayed one decoration as the other. The Princeton people were better massed, however, and this, added to their unquestionable majority, made them much more effective in the demonstrations both as to cheering and the display of insignia.

Outside the grounds there were almost as many spectators as inside. An army of them encumbered the viaduct. Hundreds of others, either through railroad connections or natural sheek, perched themselves upon the elevated road extension. Thousands of others sought the rocky eyrie of the bluff far back the grounds, and another crowd, being of those possessed of 50 cents per capita, utilised the same in obtaining entrance to Dead-head Hill, which is probably the best paysmall piece of unbuilt real estate to found in the city limits, since it turns in an annual income of about \$1,500, all earned in one day of the year, being given over the rest of the time to the encroachment of the predatory goat who loves to come thither so meditate upon the view and bite chips out of the precipice in the rear. On the house tops and in the trees as far as eye could see were enough people to make up an outside football congrega-

Sion of nearly 20,000 people.

Earliest of all to come, whether inside or outmide, is the visituat element. Enterprising if not ornamental or well-dressed individuals got there as early as Do'clock yesterday morning and clung to the rall as to a hope of salvation. To many of them it was a hope of financial saion, for they preferred selling their coveted stations to later comers for the price of many

"You can have my place for 50 cents, Mister," said an early comer to a gentleman who took position in the rear.

"Don't you do it. Mister," cried a rival. " I'll rive you mine for seventy-fi' cents on this here ox to sit onto."

MUSTERING AT THE GATES.

Up to noon there was quite a rivalry for these game was so close that there was little opportunity for barter, as the moment a man stepped out of a place the crowd pressing from behind would push the next man in. Meantime the hill and other localities commanding a view of the field had filled up well. Early comers having general admission tickets had a weary wait before them. Under the guidance of the police they formed two lines from the entrance at the southeast corner, one extending west on lösth street, the other north along Eighth avenue. At 10 o'clock there were about 200 persons waiting; at haif-past 12 the lines extended the whole length and width of the big ence, and in places they were in double and griple file.

Coaches were admitted much earlier. In fact, they were about the first comers among the sights ekers, and there were only newspaper nen, pottcemen on duty, ushers, and a few of the college men interested in the management on hand when the first of the coaches drove in bands announced its allegiance, and as it rolled up to its position a youth on the driver's seat arose and cried in joyful tones:

First blood for Princeton. Now, boys, Whooperup!"

To this reasonable request the boys responded nobly. The old familiar slogan went roaring over the field, and came back in fragmentary echoes from the cliffs beyond. It went very rell, but appeared to disturb the nigh leader of the team, who had not minded the horns at all. Up he rose upon his hind feet, and so disturbed the peace that his mate followed his example, and the coach lurching forward caused a somnofent youth next the edge to roll off and land with a mighty thud upon the ground. For a moment he felt himself caulously all over to ascertain if all his bones were in place. Satisfied of this he shouted:

First down four yards' gain," and arose to mmand the driver that the offending horses be led away immediately, as they were Yale horses a fact proven conclusively by their rude and bolaterous actions upon hearing the Prince-

Another Princeton coach came in soon, folwed by a drag sumptuously adorned with blue, and of course a social rivalry followed, in which the Orangemen being two to one rather outdid their opponents, though the "Brek-kek-kek" of Yale rang out valorously. Next came a Yale coach rich in blue trappings and the presence of a dozen pretty girls with big bunches of violets, who did not hesitate to join their escorts in the cheering. In fact they were rather the leaders, and when one of them cried: "Now, once more for Yale!" the men on the Princeton coach were fain to cheer her,

Those who had reserved seat tickets came late. The big stands were all but deserted at 12 o'clock. On the track along the south side, back of the press stands, the management had spread straw very thickly because of the mud. and this straw looked surprisingly clean and Sellow.

MILD BUT EFFECTIVE POLICING.

Occasionally a squad of policemen marching apparently for exercise would tramp along shuffling in it as they went. There were policemen evarywhere, 300 of them under the com-mand of Insuector McCullagh, and their work was excellent, being singularly free from the roughness that has characterized the policing of many of the big games, and none the less for that reason. By small detachments the policemen marched up to a lunch counter just outside the dressing room and ate standing, one squad relieving another until nearly all of them had contrived to get a bite of something before the crowd came, which was extremely profitable to the men who ran the A great shouting was heard from the south-

east gate at 12:30. Then a lone youth came flying through the opening under the grand stand. So rapid was his pace that the Princeton ns un his hat stood out stiff and straight behind him. Every muscle in his body was stretched to the pace. Tenyards in the rear came a score of others in hot pursuit. Down the track sped the first comer until he reached a spot half way, when, with a swift dive, he slutched the fence and clung for dear life. It was a wise precaution. In a moment the others were upon him, throwing themselves upon the rail alongside and hanging on with a determined grip lest they be swept away by the newcomers who were pouring in behind. It was the advance guard of the crowd, impatient with the curb of two hours' waiting in line at the

Such a rush as followed the first scattered advance was never seen upon a football field. Men, women, and children poured in until the narrow street was all but choked, and the mob, pressed in between the walls, burst in a fan-shaped mass from its confines and rushed for the fence. From the stands one saw that broad, the fence. From the stands one saw that broad, glaring line of boards painted black as with an invisible brush. Within five minutes every place on the fence was occupied, the struggle to economize space being of the rib-cracking order, and the-second and third lines had filled in upon the first. Thereafter there was nothing to hope for but a rear position, and the great desideratum was to find some spot where by rising on tiploc one could at least ret a glimpse of the field. "Hey, Dave, here's a lot of short chaps," yelled a six footer to his six foot companion, and ther lined up in the rear of a bevy of stocky youths over whose heads they had a good view. An element of possible danger my in the straw scattered over the track. Just after the first rush of the general admission element a man down at the lower end of the fence suddenly leaped in the air and raised his volce in wild lamentations, followed by a great scattering. "Fire," shouted the ever prevalent idiot. "Helpi Call the firemen."

"Helpi Call the firemen."

"A puff of smoke rose. Then the crows surged forward, and the fire was stamped out by hundreds of feet.

Somebody had dropped a lighted eigarette in

tears to let them go or they will lose their places in the "emporiums" from which they got a day off to attend the game. But each year they turn up again and make all the noise possible, Yon can always find them in large batches on that south side.

While these were illustrating their intellectual qualities by guying the rollecemen and ushers, the real Yale and Princeton men, whom they appeared to come in numbers and to fill up the stands for which they had long before got tickets at their respective colleges. Many of them brought girls with them, and the stands were veritable beauty sites, and flower shows as well, for every man who brought a girl felt bound to decorate her with the violets of Yale or the chrysanthemum of Princeton according as his predictions were. Not always that either, for sometimes her choice was the deciding one, and many a group of two was a house divided against itself in sympathee and the outward and gayly visible signs thereof.

At the conclusion of the game The Six man BEAUTY AND PLOWERS IN PLENTY.

and the Jersey men were put to it to check their charges for the goal line. The men were beginning to show marks of the hard play. Riggs was rubbing a wrenched knee when he had time, Jersems was limping, and a cut across the bridge of Rhodes's nose was bleeding.

The Princeton cantain showed less than any other man the effects of the struggle thus far. He was smiling and spparently entirely happy, and although he had been in thick of every rush his hair was as neatly parted as if he were attending an afternoon tea.

Between plays, when there was a call of time, he and Louis Hukey, his opposite, chatted amicably, and Riggs and the Yale centre men seemed to be having a most friendly time together.

As for the spectators they were on edge dur-

Many of them brought girls with them, and the stands were veritable beauty shows, and flower shows as well, for every man who brought a girl felt bound to decorate her with the violets of Yale or the chryanthemum of Princeton according as his predilections were. Not aiways that either, for sometimes her choice was the deciding one, and many a group of two was a bouse divided against itself in sympathies and the outward and gayly visible signs thereof.

At the conclusion of the game The Sun man saw in the big end stand a girl, such as any man might go a long distance out of his way to comfort and sustain her? Not he. He rose upon his seat and cast his hat into the air, taking no heed as to its place of failing, and chortled "Yale! Yale!" until his face turned black and his eyes started out and his voice wheezed in his throat like the sound of an accordion in need of repairs. But the girl, finding tears and expositiations not only useess but unnoticed, waxei wroth, and casting about her saw a



Princeton youth of her acquaintance with whom she departed, leaving her escort still unauspectingly trying to evoke one more chortle from his voiceless throat.

From the stands came many slogans, those of Princeton being loudest and most frequent. Yale seemed to predominate in stand G, stand B, and the field boxes, but Princeton had the majority elsewhere. Every yell from one side of the field evoked answering cheers from the other. Yeoman work was performed by the men on the coaches. From the further side one would see all those on some particular coach rise and go through a peculiar jerky rovement as if afflicted simultaneously with St. Vitus's dance, and where the cheering nearer at hand prevented that from the coach being heard the effect was most peculiar.

On one coach were two cornets that played one duet with cheerful persistency and such volume that no matter how great the cheering, the notes of their balvation Army selection could be noard all over the field. Cruel spite led other coach occupants to try and drown them out with coach horns, and the combined effect would have given the Angel Gabriel an earnohe. When the horns weren't going the volues were. Two Princeton coaches, near a Yale coach, on which were a number of girls and men set up a Princeton song. The Yalensians responded with "Here's to Good Old Yale," to which the girls' voices lent so much power that the two Nassau crowds were quite outdone. Still they stuck to the task and this novel singing contest as to who should make the most noise instead of the best music furnished a few minutes' amusement to the thousands. Calvéjnover sang to as big an audience.

Time goes fast at one of these games. There is so much to look at and listen to that lefore

thousands. Calveinover sang to as big an audience.

Time goes fast at one of these games. There is so much to look at and listen to that, before one knows it, the moment for the game has come. For the college men there are friends to greet, appointments to be met, bets to make, people to consult regarding the latest rumors about the teams, and a thousand other things to do, and the crowd was astir doing these thousand things, when, at 2 o'clock precisely, a great roar and a sudden blaze of orange bravery flashing up from the benches told that the Princeton team was coming.

They had dressed at the Polo grounds, and had come from there directly to the field. As the big fellows trotted out upon the field there



ADMISSION TICKETS.

ADMISSION TICKETS.

Was pandemonium. One could hear nothing but "Princeton! Princeton! Princeton!" in deafening iteration that struck on the ear like blows. It seemed as if noise had reached its limit. This was a great mistake. First wind of the Jersey contingent hadn't given out, when right upon that volume of sound came a thunderous clamor of "Ynie! Yaie! Yaie!" followed by the sharp explosions of the 'rahs, like pistol shots heard in a thunder storm. A great blossoming of blue welled up from the stands.

A tail, large-limbed fellow under whose shin guards could hardly be seen the blue of Yale, came through the gate, followed by ten others. On his shoulders were lumpy leather pads, and over his head was a leather cap, with ear muffs of the same material depending on either side. Blond hair of the fine Saxon hue hung down beneath the edges of this headpiece, which was unpleasantly suggestive of that worn in the electric chair. The man was Samuel Brinckerhoff Thorne, the greatest football player of his time. THE TEAMS LIMBER UP.

While Princeton and Yale yells were crossing

hoff Thorne, the greatest football player of his time.

While Princeton and Yale yells were crossing each other like brandished weapons the two teams were practising. Here at the upper end of the field was big Riggs, the guard, casily recognizable by his cirly hair and thick shoulders; Capt, Langdon Lea, handsome and smilling, with an unsightly pad over his injured right shoulder; Baird, the cool full back; Suter, the blond quarter; Cochran, the redoubtable end whose charges down on a kick have been the terror of many a full back, and the other striped-legged players.

At the opposite end were Yale's heroes; big Cross snauting back the ball, Jerrems kicking long and low across the field, Thorne and Fincke passing the spheroid back and forth, and De Witt throwing balls for the others to drop on. Under their feet the sod was firm and steady. Overhead the sky was clear and there was very little wind. No day of the year has been finer from a football standpoint.

Brief time was allowed for practice. Linesmen Coyne and Garfield had taken their places on the side lines, and Umpire Dashiel and Referee McClung called the capitains forward. At the call Lea and Thorne trotted up. With a common impuise they stretched out their hands and clasped them in an honest, hearty grass, the action of two men who thoroughly respect and admire each other. It was an earnest of manly, straightforward dealing between the two teams, a tact promise of fair and clean play, and the Yale and Frinceton rooters applauded with hands and feet.

Sience settled down over the thousands as Lea placed the ball and stepped back. In the mist of the stillness a very small boy, who was acting as a substitute for the klose on an electric light tole in front of stand D, chricked shrilly:

"Kick good, old man," and in the hush his woles was heard at the extreme corpors of the

On rolled the ball over the goal due with half a dozen panting runners close on. There was a last dash, a plunge, a mingling of bedieg, and it was Frinceton's touch down. All the stands were yellow, and madness reigned again.

From that on Capt. Thorno retrieved Yale's tottering fortunes. Twice he threaded about the entire field, and finally, with a splendid rush, he made the last touch down of the game.

PRINCETON'S WEAK BEGINNING. PRINCETON'S WEAK BEGINNING.

The game abounded n surprises. The muchtalked-of-strength in the Princeton line did not
appear until it was too late to do any good,
while Yale's line showed that the men had been
reserving their efforts until this particular occasion with the most effective results. At times
there were gans in the Yale line through which
good gains were made, but taken as a whole the
line outplayed the Tigers in almost every respect. spect.
Yale played great football and had plenty of good luck. In the first half the New Hayen team played such a fast game that they simply



An element of possible danger any in the stew scattered over the trace. Just after the first rush of the general admission element a man because of the fence suddenly land the standard over the trace. Just after the first rush of the general admission element a man because of the fence suddenly land the fence was stationed out by human the fence of the fence suddenly land the fence was stationed out by human fine land the fence was stationed out by human fine land the fence was land friendly such that the flame gained any headway in the deep straw many which the flame proceed for fence of the suddenly land to the same have been hadily buried, the standing crowd south a minant fine melves the standing crowd south a minant fine melv A SCHIMMAGE.

Harvard, and for a time the supporters of the Blue were on the auxious seat, but the lead was too great, and though they fought grimly to the end, the sons of Old Nassau had to surrenier.

"If" is a popular word in football, and it was on thousands of tongnes. But Yale wop, and that was a stronger argument than all the excusses in the world. There were just two of Yale's touch downs, however, that were enough to drive the Tigers to distraction.

Bass getts A Lucky Run.

In the first half when the hall was in Yale's

In the first half when the ball was in Yale's territory in Princeton's possession it was suddenly fumbled, and before anybody could realize what had happened, Hass, the Yale end, had run sixty yards for a touch down. That this play was the cleanest kind of a fluke was sedmitted by all, but it went just the same, and served to take the heart out of the Princeton players.

The second touch down, which was also a heart breaker, occurred in the second half. With the ball in the middle of the field, H. F. Cross snapped it cleanly to Thorne, according to those who have good eyesight and who stood on the side lines. It was a play on which Thorne was expected to kick the ball, but instead he ran right through the whole Princeton team for a touch down. It was at once claimed by the Tigers that, as Fincke had not passed the ball to Thorne, the latter had no right to run with it, but when the Yale quarter back told the referee that he did take the ball from Cross before passing it to Thorne, the play was allowed and so was the touch down. That Thorne certainly fell back for a kick and would have punted the ball had he not been cornered there can be no doubt, but there are many persons who are willing to swear that he received the ball direct from Cross.

Princeton men admitted that their team was outplayed in the first half, but they were simply beside themselves with anger over what they called the proverbial "Yale luck." But it must not be believed for a moment that the Yale team didn't play fine football. Capt Thorne was a host in himself. He was the star of the day and made up at least 40 per cent, of Yale us knight in the heart of the enemy, his long, hard punting, and his superb tackling quickly convinced the critics that he was playing the game of his life.

Not in many years has such half back playing been seen in this or any other city. As the game

vinced the critics that he was playing the game of his life.

Not in many years has such half back playing been seen in this or any other city. As the game progressed Thorne's forehead over his left eye was cut open on several occasions, but he only stopped playing to have it handaged, and went on with his work with renewed vigor. His runs in the last half of the game were simply phenomenal, when Princeton's tackling ability is taken into consideration. He did nearly all of the line bitting, leaving De Witt and Jerrems to interfere for him. He let Jerrems start the punting, but later in the battle he did the kicking himself and did it in superb fashion. In a word, he was the whole team, for without him Yale would have had a hard time winning. As captain he showed himself to be a general, for he never lost his head and handled his men with rare good judgment. He was, indeed, a hero, and deserved to be crowned with laurel.

YALE'S MEN STAY WELL. YALE'S MEN STAY WELL.

TALE'S MEN STAY WELL.

Thorne's men played for their lives. Not one of them had to leave the field on account of Injury, which showed the wonderful physical condition they were in. Some of them were temporarily laid out, but with skilful handling by Trainer Mike Murphy and Dr. "Josh" Hartwell they came round quickly. Base at left end distinguished himself by some of the fastest hustling ever accomplished by a Yale player. He was all over the field and broke up Princeton's interference with the skill of a veteran. When he made his great sixty-yard run for a touch down he did something that will never be forgotten at New Haven. For a man that had to fill the place made vacant by cx-Capt Hinkey he was a howling success and was lionized by Yale's thousands of followers, who were deliriously happy over the outcome of the battic.



GOAL

Bass, the town-headed Valeend rush had deried at the county of the

Tiger was respected more.

WENTZ AN EASY MARK.

Riggs played good football until he was injured, but his antagonist displayed a surprising knowledge of the fine points of the game, and made an even break of ft in playing ability. Riggs, therefore, was not the expected strong point in the Tigers' line, and this was clearly demonstrated in the first half when the Yale backs pounded him for many material gains. When he was compelled to leave the battlefield in favor of Wentz, the latter was a mark right away, and through him the Yale men plunged like a bareback rider through a paper hoop.

Murphy and Church were well watched. Both are rough players, and neither had much of an advantage at the close. Church devoted rather too much time to slugging tactics, but he was clever enough to evade the umpire, and thus escaped a penalty. Murphy did the better blocking, and as an interferer for his backs was a strong card. He did a little slugging on the quiet, as is his wont, but he was not detected.

Capt, Lea of Princeton played a strong left end until his lame shoulder was hurt. Then, although he refused to leave for fifteen minutes more, he was useless, and Louis Hinkey played ail around him. Thompson, who took Lea's place, was an improvement, and put up a great game in the second haif. He was down the field like a flash on punts, and made a touch down after Tyler had blocked a kick. Louis Hinkey was most consistent in his play from start to finish. He showed remarkable steadiness for so light a man, and his tackling was one of the effective points of Yale's play. Altogelier Yale's line was a revelation, and the men in it deserve the highest praise for their pluck and endurance.

was one of the effective points of laie's pay.
Aitogether Yale's line was a revelation, and the men in it deserve the highest praise for their piuck and endurance.

Hack of the line Yale showed a superiority so marked that even the merest novice could detect it. As The Sun pointed out some time ago, the fact that both Thorne and Jerrems could punt was enough strength in itself to help the team along in more ways than one. From the start these two men kept the Princeton backs on the run with their long, well directed punts, which were finely supported by the fastness of the ends. Fincke proved beyond peradventure that he is one of the best quarter backs on the gridfron. His passing was good and he showed an ability to catch punts that was surprising. He also did some very clever ground gaining and tackled beautifully. He gave the signals coolly, never once losing his head, and showed rare judgment in forming plays that were most effective against the weak points in New Jersey's line.

Thorne's wonderful playing has already been described. His partner, De Witt, was not used so much in line breaking as was at first expected, but he proved formidable in interference

and in breaking through the line on kicks. Jer-rems did nobly at full back. His punting was good, but could not be classed with Thorne's. He hit the line hard and for splendid gains, and tackled fiercely.

BANNARD BRLPS THE TIGHES.

The Princeton backs were weak in the first half, bat improved in the second. Rosengarten undoubtedly did the best work, but he marred it by making some fatal fumbles. When he was disqualified for slugging Louis Hinke? Bannard, who succeeded him, played such a brilliant running game that many persons asked why he had not been allowed to begin the game at left half back. He cut down the left end of Yale's line repeatedly in heavy dashes, unaided by any material interference, and did some marvellous tackling in the escond half until he was hurt, and Kelly, a local player, took his place. Kelly was a success from the time its took the position until he became winded fifteen minutes later. Very few persons in the great crowd knew that he had a crippled right foot, for he plunged into the Yale line like a loccomotive into a tunnel. Baird at full back did some good, bad, and indifferent punting. The boy had his hands full, though, for Thorne and Jerrems kept kicking the leather into his territory so rapidly that his head was in a whirl. His line did not hold very BANNARD BELPS THE TIGERS.



VICTORY.

well either, and he was thus rather badly handicapped. But at that his punting was excellent, in the first half he kicked the ovai thirteen times, and in the second he lifted it eight more, making twenty-one punts during the game. He also attempted to kick a goal from the thirty-yard line, but this trial was blocked.

Thorne kicked six punts in the first half, and a like number in the second, while Jerrems had five in the first half and five in the second. Rosengarten got in two punts also in the first half, so that altogether Princeton kicked twenty-three times to twenty-two for Yale, but Yale's punts gained the most ground, for the reason that they were poorly judged and handled by the Princeton backs, who seemed totally unable to get under them properly.

Fumbling the ball was restricted to the Tigers in the first half, Armstrong, Rosengarten, Suter, and Baird being the offenders. In the second half Jerrems, De Witt, and Bass did some fumbling for Yale, which, however, did not prove very costly. There was more kicking than usual, but the public enjoyed it, and the new Yale-Princeton rules were voted a success when it was all over.

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THE FIRST TOUCH DOWN. mation made four, and Yale men began to be cheerful. The Princeton line was fighting hard at this point, but the Yale backs were pounding the Tigers flercely, and it was simply a question of condurance.

at this point, but the Yale backs were pounding the Tigers flercely, and it was simply a question of endurance.

Capt. Thorne attempted something new when he leaped clear over Church's head, but he was caught by the feet and only made a yard. Jerrems banged his head into Rigge's broad cheat. When the pile of men became entangled Yale had three yards more, but Thorne lay flat on the ground, rubbing his right Jaw with his muddy hand. It took a minute or two for him to recover from some surreptitious blow that had been delivered in the scrimmage, but when he did there was great cheering. De Witt made a yard through Riggs, Jerrems punched out two in the same place, and then got three more through the centre. It was Yale's first down, but, nevertheless. Thorne decided to kick and sent the leather flying to liaird, who caught it on Princeton's ten-yard line. That certainly was gaining ground with a vengeance, but Baird soon responded with another punt to Fincke, who was nearly tackled by Tyler.

On the next line-up, which was on Princeton's 45-yard mark, Yale leat the hall for holding, and Baird's low punt was nearly blocked by Chadwick. De Witt allowed the leather to hit him, and Cochran, who was on hand, quickly fell on it in the middle of the field. This play raised the Tigers' stock, and the cheering was simply tremendous when Princeton lined up to continue the flight.

ROSENGARTEN'S COSTLY BLUNDER.

ROSENGARTEN'S COSTLY BLUNDER. ROSENOARTEN'S CONTLY BLUNDER.
Rosengarten, for some reason best known to himself, tried to punt, and the ball rolled outside at Yale's forty-yard line. This was unquestionably poor judgment, for it gave the ball to Yale when it was not necessary to do so. Thorne punted right off the reel, and Baird made a foolish move in letting the ball roll clear to Princeton's seven-yard line before he fell on it.

Thorne's wonderful playing has already been described. His partner, De Witt, was not used so much in line breaking as was at first expected, but he proved formidable in interference

Remember

Remember

That good health, strong nerves, physical vigor, happiness and usefulness depend upon pure, rich, healthy blood. Remember that the blood can be made pure, rich, and healthy, by taking

Thorne's wonderful playing has already been described. His partner to Princeton's seven-yard line before he fell in the leather out of danger by making two yards around Hass, and Armstrong stirred up the Jerresymen by dashing into W. R. Cross for nine. The next play was a punt by Haird, which enabled Flinck, who caught the ball on Princeton's Deyard line, to run back to the "5-yard line before he was thrown by Church. Thorne that the blood can be made pure, rich, and healthy, by taking

The teams now lined upon Princeton's twenty-yard line and Rosengarten went around Hass's end for six yards. He had almost a clear fleat before him, but Hodgers, by a superb tackle, felled him like a log. In trying to tackle Rosengarten. Thorne was butted squarely in the face and had to take three minutes to recover his nerve, but when the big Yale Captain finally got upon his feet the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Again Resengarten smashed into Yale's line, this time making four yards through Hodgers. Big Rhoders plunged into a hole beside (hadwick for three, and Hosenzarten advanced two more at Marphy's place. Haird then got in a beautiful, long, low punt from his countries of the part of th

on the ball only to be instantly nailed by the fleet-footed Cochran. Thorne bluffed a kick and got three yards past Tyler instead, following it up with a two-yard dash around Lea. Jerrems then fumbled to Princeton's 25-yard line, where Baird fell on the ball.

Princeton tried a tandem play, and Armstrong was beaten back instead of being pushed forward. Rosengarten kicked to Fincke, who was cleanly thrown by Suter in the middle of the field. Jerrems, without the alightest trouble, punted the ball back so that it rolled outside at Princeton's 20-yard line. Another tandem play by the Tigers enabled Baird to make five between Bass and Rodgers, but the next order from Lea was a punt, and Baird sent the ball to Fincke, who was and Rodgers, but the next order from Lea was a punt, and Baird sent the ball to Fincke, who was nailed down tightly by Cochran. Yale now tried to break through the Tigers line, but after Jerrems had made only three yards between Church and Riggs, Thorne punted. He was clearly interfered with, however, by Tyler, who was off side, and the ball was called back, Yale receiving ten yards for the Tigers, offence. Thorne then made five yards between Lea and Church, but he received A dig over the eye that caused a short delay until the wound could be plastered up.

Upon resuming De Witt made two yards between Rhodes and Tyler, and Jerrems found two more in the same place. Riggs was laid out for a moment, and it was seen that the players were wringing wet with perspiration.

The teams were in Princeton's 35-yard line, and as Yale had the ball still, the excitement was at white heat. Thorne hammered his way into Tyler for two yards and Rodgers worked Church for four. Then Princeton got the oval for helding in the line, and there was a great cheer for the wearers of the orange and black.

Baird kicked right off to Jerrems, who was handsomely tackled and downed by Cochran on Yale's 30-yard line, but Thorne punted on the next down, the ball rolling to the Princetons' 45-yard line.

Baird here made a great play by picking up the ball while on the dead run and carrying it back to the middle of the field before he was downed by Louis Hinkey. Baird then kicked and Fincke, who caught the ball, was thrown by Lea and Riggs, who reached him at the same time. This was on Yale's 35-yard line and was a good gain, but it counted for nothing, as Thorne quickly kicked the ball back and Baird was tackled on Princeton's 45-yard line.

There was a slight delay while Trainer Murphy fixed un Cant. Thorne's eye, and then came a crisis. Princeton had the ball, and Capt. Lea gave orders to work it back toward Yale's goal. Armstrong's first rush resulted in ten yards between Murphy and Hinkley. Rosengarten made three successive dashes at the ends and tackles for a total of eight yards, and Armstrong gathered in two at W. R. Cross. A tandem play pushed Hosengarten along for two, and the line-up was on Yale's 50-yard line. It was such strong offensive work that the followers of the Tigers were growing more confident, and were yelling like mad in their efforts to encourage their players.

But suddenly the whole aspect of the situation was changed, and thousands upon thousands of hearts were filled with Joy or sorrow as the case happened to be. Rosengarten was ordered again to hit the line, and he came on with the ball like a freight train on a down grade. He dived into the line like a cannon shot, but he dropped the ball. BAIRD'S FLYING PICK-UP.

the line like a cannon shot, but he dropped the ball.

On top of one another the players of both teams were piled in a tangied mass, but only one man in the whole crowd saw the ball. That was Bass, Yale's left end. He fell on it again and scrambled to his feet, while a great cry of alarm went up from the Princeton followers. In a jiffy Bass was on his way toward Princeton's coal, with young liairtiafter him, but the latter was blocked off by Murphy, and Bass, by fast sprinting, kept on until he had crossed the magic line. Then he fell, and a touch down had been made by Yale on a clean fluke.

In every part of the great field were Yale men who had temporarily lost their senses. The play and its result had come so quickly that it was hard to realize that Yale had really scored, and thus paved the way to victory.

THE FIRST GOAL.

THE FIRST GOAL.

and thus paved the way to victory.

THE FIRST GOAL.

It had taken just 22 minutes for Bass to get over the line, and when Thorne kicked a pretty goal there was a scene worth going miles to see. The score was 0 to 0, and Princeton's hopes were partially shattered.

The Tigers themselves were heartbroken, and as they trought the ball to the middle of the field for the kick off they all looked as if they had lost their dearest and best friends. Capt. Lea tried to cheer them up, and told them to fight like demons. He kicked the ball off as if he meant business, and Thorne, who caught it, was heavily thrown on his 20-yard line by Rhodes, who followed the leather with remarkable speed. Thorne kicked a moment later, and Baird, who collared the oval in the middle of the field, ran back in great style for fifteen yards, until he was forced outside at Yale's 40-yard line. Rosengarten and Armstrong were guilty of some bad fumbling after the ball had been taken in, and Baird was foolishly ordered to try for a goal from the field. Big Chadwick blocked the kick and Rosengarten fell on the ball at Yale's 50-yard line.

Short runs by Princeton's backs soon brought the leather to Yale's 35-yard line, where the Tigers lost it for holding, and Thorne kicked to Suter, who was laid low by Hinkey on Princeton's 25-yard line. This was a big gain for



OPENING THE SECOND HALF.

Yale and made the Tigers open their eyes. Baird tried to punt back, but Chadwick tore through Rhodes and blocked the ball, upon which Suter managed to fall, losing five yards. The next time Baird succeeded in kicking outside at the centre, but Jerrems sent it back, and Suter made an awful play by picking up the ball on the five-yard line when he should have let it roll over the goal line. Then he fumbled a pass from Galley, and the ball was only three yards from the Tigers' line, but Freshman Baird came to the rescue with a good kick, that landed the ball ou Princeton's 30-yard line. Fincke was terrifically tackled here by Riggs, after he had run back five yards.

Thorne and Jerrems worked the guards and tackles so well that on two downs the ball was twelve yards from Princeton's line. But Bass lost five, and Thorne's try for a goal from the field on the twenty-five-yard line. Baird again punted, but this time the effort was poor and the ball rolled outside at the 30-yard line. That gave Yale a chance, but it was quickly lost for holding in the line and Armstrong made twelve yards between Bass and Rodgors. Then Haird tried to punt. The Yale men broke through and W. R. Cross blocked the kick in great shape, Chadwick falling on the ball at Princeton's 15-yard line.

Culck as a fiash Thorne dashed right through THORNE'S BRILLIANT DASH.

THOUSE'S BRILLIART PARK.
Quick as a flash Thorne dashed right through
the whole Princeton team and deposited the bail
belind the goal posts for a second touch down,
from which he kicked another goal, making the

behind the goal posts for a second touch down, from which he kicked another goal, making the score 12 to 0.

The play had been made so quickly that the Tigers seemed dazed. Indeed, it appeared to many as though Yale had put the ball in play before Princeton was ready, but that was merely fast football, and was worth all the braise it received.

There were thirty seconds left to play in this half, and when time was called the ball was exactly in the centre of the field.

During the intermission there was great fun among the spectators, and some betting, odds as high as 5 to 1 being wagered on Yale with lew takers. It looked so bad for Princeton that the coaches were sick at heart, Phil King was the picture of despair as he accompanied his pets to their quarters. It was found that Itiggs was too badly hurt to continue, and he had to give way to Wentz, while Loa was in such bad shape that Dr. Bovaird begged him to desist, but the Princeton captain refused to listen to advice and went on the field again with blood in his eye.

It was Yale's turn to kick off, and Thorne

that Dr. Bovaird begged him to desist, but the Princeton captain refused to listen to advise and went on the field again with blood in his eye.

It was Yale's turn to kick off, and Thorne sent the ball kooming into Princeton's country at 3:26 o'clock. Rosengarten caught it and ran back ten yards before he was thrown. Then Baird kicked to Fincke, who was easily downed, but accidentally kicked Church in the neck. Somebody was offside and the ball was called back. Rosengarten then hit Rodgers for four yards and Baird kicked to Jerisms, who tried to run back from the middle of the field, but Lea natied him. De Witt, Thorne, and Jerrems tried to break into Princeton's line, but the Tigers had braced up and linally got the leather on a fumble. Hight at this point Princeton showed what kind of fostball beat Harvard. Wentz started the attack with a plunge into the centre for five yards. Then Arnestrong hit the line so hard that he had to be carried off the field, and Kelly came on in his pace. Kelly started in with a disabilor eight yards between Murphy and Hitkey. Rosengarten hit Rodgers for five, and Kelly indied the ball on Yale's 30-yard line with a good jump between Murphy and Hitkey. Rosengarten and Kelly now alternated hitting the tackies and the ends, and with good interference they soon had the ball fifteen yards from Yale's line, while the Princeton adherents in the stands were wild with delight.

Kelly and Rosengarten still kept pegging away, and before their fierce onsaunghts the Yale line fell back slowly and sullenly until the ball was on the 10-yard line. Here it was that Kelly lost a yard while trying to buck through Chadwick, and that proved fatal. It was Princeton's second down with sly yards to gain, and Rosengarten.

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made two of them on the next play. But Kelly couldn't gain, and Yale got the ball on downs when it was just seven yards from the goal line. It was a narrow escape for Yale and hard luck for Princeton. Thorne quickly kloked the ball out of danger, and Baird ran back to Yale's thirty-five-yard line before he was thrown. Kelly and Rosengarten again tried to beat their way to the goal line, but this time their interference was broken up and Princeton had to surrender the ball again on downs on the twenty-five-yard line.

Capt. Lea now had to leave the field, his shoulder being badly wrenched. As he walked to the side line he was loudly cheered by both Yale and Princeton admirers. 'Thompson took his place and the battle went on as if nothing had bappened. As soon as the ball had been put in play. Thorne kicked it and Suter fell on it on Yale's 50-yard line. Princeton surrendered it on downs directly, and Thorne punted to Haird, who ran outside at Princeton's 45-yard line. Buter now got in a fumble and big Chadwick fell on the ball. Jerreme got in such a long punt that the ball rolled over the goal line. Baird kicked it from Princeton's 20-yard line, and Thorne caught it on Yale's 50-yard in each a long punt that the ball rolled over the goal line. As the Yale captain started up the field there was a mighty roar, for it was seen that he was going like the wind and shaking off the Tigers as if they were fites. He dashed clear up to Princeton's 15-yard line, where Baird finally laid him low after a run of forty-five yards.

The Yale team was playing flercely now, and

yards.
The Yale team was playing flercely new, and
reveral blows were struck, Rosengarten being
detected and disqualified. YALR'S THIRD SCORB.

The Yale team was playing flercely new, and several blows were struck, Rosengarten being detected and disqualified.

YALE'S THIRD SCORE.

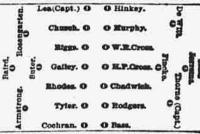
De Witt, Thorne, and Jerrems made the necessary gains, and Jerrems was finally pushed over the line for a touch down. Thorne missed the goal and the score was 16 to 0, after fifteen minutes' play since the half began.

The ball had scarcely been kloked off by Princeton and returned by Thorne when the Tigers began to show their claws. Starting on Yale's fifty-yard line, without once losing the ball they worked it gradually nearer and nearer Yale's goal, Bannard and Kelly doing most of the heavy work. Finally Baird was pushed over for Princeton's first touch down after seven minutes' play, and, as Suter goaled, the score was 16 to 6.

Thus it was that the hopes of the Pincetonians were restored, and the rival rooting was something flerce. Thorne, kicked off and the ball rolled over the goal line. Then Baird kicked to the middle of the field where Jerrems was thrown. Jesrems then tried to punt, but Tyler blocked the kick, and the ball rolled toward Yale's lina. Both teams were rafter it like a peak of hounds, and Church and Thompson finally fell on it together just as it passed over the goal line.

It was another touch down for Princeton, and all Jersey was frantic. It had taken less than three minutes to make it, but when Suter missed an easy goal there was a groan of despair. The score was 16 to 10, with eleven more minutes to play.

Thorne kicked off, and Church ran back with the ball to Princeton's 35-yard-line, but after Kelly and Bannard had made ten more yards Yale got the ball on downs. Jerrems promptly kicked to the Tigers' 20-yard-line, where Baird caught and kloked back to the middle of the field, where Fincke was planed down by Cochran. Straightaway Jerrems kloked, and this time Baird was nailed by Bass on Princeton's fake kick. Tho.bail was passed to him where he stood on Princeton's 45-yard line, and he just waits was the only way to break Yale's line Baird kicked



Score: Yale, 20: Princeton, 10. Touch downs—Yes Yale: Bass, 1; Thorne, 2; Jerrems, 1. For Princetons Haird, 1; Thompson, 1. Goals from touch downs—Thorne, 2; Suter, 1. Injured—Armstrang, succeeded by Kelly; Lea, succeeded by Thompson: Higgs, succeeded by West, Disqualified—Rose-garten, succeeded by Bannard, Referen—ex-Capt. McClung of Lehigh. Umpre—P. J. Dashiel of Lehigh. Linesmen—I. McD. Garbiel of Williams and Frank Coyne of Grange. Time of game—Two halves of thirty-five minutes each. Total time—2 hours and 45 minutes.

APTER THE GAME, Views of Partisans When the Battle Was Over.

When the Princeton team left the gridiron they crossed over 156th street to the Polo ground, where they were quartered. Assoon as the gateway to the deserted baseball field was passed the eleven gave up the attempt to appear jounty, the air they had worn when in the public view, and walked like cripples going to a hospital. There did not seem to be a sound man on the team as they passed the reporter. Capt. Lea leaned heavily on the shoulders of a friend, who waved

off all who sought to question him.

An assistant trainer stood before the entrance to the quarters and halted each player with the whisered injunction, "Don't make any noise, Dodd Riggs is asleep." Riggs was hurt in the chest, which caused his withdrawal, but he will be all right in a few days.

Alex. Moffatt, Captain of the Princeton eleven

in 1883, accompanied the team to their room. When asked about the game, he said:

"Yale undoubtedly outplayed us in the first half, although during that period our men half, although during that period our meas seemed deficient in snap. If our men had played as well in the first half as in the second they would have won. It was evident that the Yale backs were stronger than Princeton's, which we had expected to some extent would be the case, but the strength shown by Yale's centre, especially in the first half, was a surprise to us all. If our men had played as strong as they did against Harvard they would have won. It is a defeat that will teach the merits of concentration. A team must not try to do too much." is a defeat that will teach the merits of concentration. A team must not try to do too much. All was jubilation about the Yale quarters, in the southwest corner of Manhattan Field. The men dashed in to their rooms with a joly

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